

Exclusively Yours--- BETTY BEALE

Deductions From Observations at Soviet Embassy Reception; Handsome, Bachelor White House Aides Are Hard to Get

Capitalites are still mulling over the recent "October Revolution" reception at the Soviet Embassy. There are a few things that give one pause.

For instance, for the Soviets to give a party with the caviar barely showing seems shocking to say the least. You might even call it revolutionary, thought some of the foreigners eyeing the situation suspiciously.

Instead of beautiful gray mountains of fresh sturgeon roe set in sculptured ice, there were simply a few dark grains of pressed caviar in the middle of some capitalistic crackers. Come to think of it, the entire lavish buffet was capitalistic, having been prepared by Washington's best known caterer.

What happened to all that fresh caviar usually served? "It hasn't been fresh for years," answered the caterer's waiter. "It's been coming out of a can." Which just goes to show what dupes we reporters have been all this time. We thought it had been flown in specially or something.

There were other changes to mull over. The huge picture of Stalin that used to dominate the ornately gilded drawing room was missing, but none of Malenkov had been substituted. Maybe they're waiting to see if he's permanent.

Also there were no stars of red roses glimpsed. And for the first time in years the top military men of the Embassy didn't receive with the host, whatever this omission of accent on the military may mean.

"What was the reaction of the Russian people to Perle Mesta's visit?" I asked handsome, stern looking Ambassador Zaroubin. I had cabled the same question to Foreign Minister Molotov last summer, but had received no answer. The Ambassador smiled. He didn't say why but it was obviously at the asininity of the questioner who imagined for a moment he would answer that. "No comment," was his reply.

Americans have been asking about their tax money sup-

porting the Capital, they think it belongs to them. That must be the reason for the following proprietary attitude. At a recent formal dinner at the White House a feminine guest began to covet a little gold spoon in the gold salt cellar beside her place. It would contribute so much to her charity auction back home, she said, indicating that she might pocket it before it was whisked off the table. Her dinner partner tried to discourage her, but it was a quick-thinking lady nearby who prevented the flitching. She simply asked for the salt and kept it until the table was cleared. . . . Imagine a guest trying to swipe the gold off your table!

Speaking of the White House, no atomic secrets are protected any more carefully than are the White House aides. Whether it is because they are all attractive, all unmarried and all socially very acceptable, I wouldn't know, but try to get in touch with one through 1600 Pennsylvania avenue!

Ask the office number of a particular aide and a female voice at the White House will ask who's calling. Give her the information she desires, ask again and she will say "What do you want to talk to him about?" As though any woman should have to tell why she wants to talk to a good-looking bachelor! Tell her that he's a friend and she will say with suspicious incredulity, "A friend?" She couldn't doubt you more if she tried, and you still don't have the number. "Never mind," you tell her exasperated, "I'll call the Pentagon." Then she gives you the number. The aides say that out-of-town relatives have the same problem, can't get in touch with them at all. Maybe the girl at the White House is over anxious to keep them single so they can remain at the Executive Mansion.

Director of Central Intelligence Allen Dulles has 90,000 words written on a new idea when he'll have time to

finish it. His second book on his OSS experiences—the first was "German Underground"—this one will be called "Operations Sunrise." It is the story of our part in the unsuccessful conspiracy against Hitler's life.

Hold your hats, gentlemen! At the French Embassy the other day Dior said he raised hemlines to give American women some practice in sewing. He's just worrying about the buttons on their husbands coats! He also said women dress for men, which is news to American men. And whether you like it or not we're in for an age of elegance—in clothes, homes and even little apartments. "The harder it is to have elegance," said the philosopher Frenchman, "the more people strive for it."

CPYRGHT